

**AUGUST**  
1937

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



## ARTICLES

LAWRENCE MARTIN  
LUIGI BARZINI, JR.  
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH  
PAUL W. KEARNEY  
WM. MOULTON MARSTON  
HARRY SALPETER  
HUBBELL ROBINSON  
LESTER HUTTER  
GEORGE L. MOORAD  
TYLER TURNER

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OLIVER LA FARGE  
JESSE STUART  
HASSOLDT DAVIS  
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE  
HENRY ANTON STEIG  
DAVID L. COHN  
W. A. BREYFOGLE  
JEAN HROLDIA  
P. JEFFERSON PACKER  
JOHN ANGEL THOMPSON

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ALFRED VON KOLNITZ  
WILLIAM REICHENBACH

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GILBERT SELDES  
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CARLETON SMITH  
MEYER LEVIN  
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A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

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GILBERT BUNDY  
GEORGE PETTY  
JARO FABRY  
D. McKAY  
HOWARD BAER  
PAUL WEBB  
ABNER DEAN  
B. SHERMUND  
ROBERT HOLLEY  
RODNEY de SARRO  
HENRY BOLTINGOFF  
SIDNEY HOFF  
R. VAN BUREN

A. VON FRANKENBERG

(COVER)

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**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

**PRICE FIFTY CENTS**  
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS



ONCE YOU LEARN YOU NEVER FORGET

The tinkling ice in a highball glass never sounds so inviting as when the drink is made with Old Overholt. For here is a man's whiskey... so rich and robust that you can use less of it without dimming its superb flavor and full-bodied character. Try Old Overholt — as different as day and night... once you learn, you'll never forget.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION  
NEW YORK

YOUR GUIDE TO  EVERY DRINKER



...SO THIS TIME

WE SAY IT WITH FLOWERS



YET we've been caught napping! For some time, we've been telling you that Four Roses is in its greatest re-mach the name is in its greatest and coffee and smoking tobacco do.

They wouldn't it remain in so that the very name of our whiskey—Four Roses—suggests an even more to doing something. It's the real stuff!

For example... do beautiful men choose them? They didn't just "happen." So, we had the patience and skill to blend several superior varieties... creating a new, more robust in our family room.

Remember of course... that, under the secret of government's whiskey. And that is why, in making Four Roses, we cannot get our feet straight in lockers, but several, each representing its own particular quality.

Skillfully blended together, these straight whiskeys (and only straight whiskeys are used) merge all these subtle values in one magnificent liquid—Four Roses!

Remember, the name is in its greatest and coffee and smoking tobacco do.

Remember, the name is in its greatest and coffee and smoking tobacco do.

Remember, the name is in its greatest and coffee and smoking tobacco do.

**FOUR ROSES**

*Blended straight whiskey—40 proof*

★ WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY, REGARDLESS OF AGE OR PRICE ★





## TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

ATHLETE'S FOOT  
MISERY

L.A. in a commercial outfit, the "Big Foot" shoe, which is made of leather and has a rubber sole. It is a very comfortable shoe and is very popular with athletes. It is a very comfortable shoe and is very popular with athletes. It is a very comfortable shoe and is very popular with athletes.



## BINOCULARS

— BINOCULARS —  
— BIRD'S EYE VIEW —  
A very fine line of binoculars, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

PIPE  
CLEANERS

— PIPE CLEANERS —  
A very fine line of pipe cleaners, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

STEVEN K. W. 10  
Woolworth Building, New York



## KITCHENWARE

— KITCHENWARE —  
A very fine line of kitchenware, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

STEVEN K. W. 10  
Woolworth Building, New York

MILITARY  
SCHOOLS

— MILITARY SCHOOLS —  
A very fine line of military schools, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

STEVEN K. W. 10  
Woolworth Building, New York

CAUTION: The "Big Foot" shoe is a very comfortable shoe and is very popular with athletes. It is a very comfortable shoe and is very popular with athletes. It is a very comfortable shoe and is very popular with athletes.

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STEVEN K. W. 10  
Woolworth Building, New York



## GUNS

— GUNS —  
A very fine line of guns, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.



## BATTERIES

— BATTERIES —  
A very fine line of batteries, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

HISTORICAL  
FILMS

— HISTORICAL FILMS —  
A very fine line of historical films, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

MINIATURE  
CAMERAS

— MINIATURE CAMERAS —  
A very fine line of miniature cameras, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.



## RECREATIONAL SPORTS

— RECREATIONAL SPORTS —  
A very fine line of recreational sports, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

SCALP  
SPECIALISTS

— SCALP SPECIALISTS —  
A very fine line of scalp specialists, which are made of leather and have a rubber sole. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes. They are very comfortable and are very popular with athletes.

ONLY CHRYSLER  
GIVES YOU TRUE SAFETY  
IN A CUSTOM-TYPE CAR!

If you pay two thousand dollars  
or more for a car be sure to ask  
about its safety features...

in all phases of motor car engineering.

It's STRAIGHT with the line that makes you buy a Chrysler, the more you spend for a car, the less safety you will probably get.

Chrysler builds a Safety AS-Steel Body for every Chrysler car. Every Chrysler car is equipped with hydraulic brakes.

Remember to ask about these two features if you buy any car in the custom class.

Ask your Chrysler dealer to show you the magnificent Chrysler Custom Imperial... a superbly appointed car of 148-inch wheelbase. He also displays the new low-priced Royal... the Imperial... the Arrow... and the brilliant 1937 Plymouths.

Two payments to fit your purse at official Chrysler Credit Company plan.

CHRYSLER CREDIT... handles the low-priced field.

CHRYSLER CREDIT... handles the low-priced field.

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CHRYSLER CREDIT... handles the low-priced field.











## PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



Young America's Favorite  
**OZZIE NELSON**  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Gala Opening  
**AUGUST 2ND**

**ASTOR  
ROOF**  
HOTEL ASTOR  
THIRD FLOOR NEW YORK

**Café MONTPARNAISE**  
at 100 W. 4th St., N.Y.C. at 100 W. 4th St.  
**OPEN AIR ROOF**

**SOUTHERN  
COMFORT**



The seats of the town still attract your correspondent as much as they do the day-dreamer. Toward dawn, or so for the brightest stars, you sit there unobtrusively in open garb over the most magical city in earth, subdued by a caressing veil of darkness. As the automobile goes to their sidewalks we of the Esquiremen go to our haunts.

One of the favorites, the Hotel Astor Roof, with Broadway's white lights at your feet, will have Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra opening August 2d for his last New York appearance before going Hollywood. Tomorrow evening has been set for the end of two years.

Secondly, Sheila Forest will feature at the Edmore Room the most sort of propaganda, we never quite found out what, the lady being an adroit artist in graphics. Tomorrow, we expect it and contribute to do with Esquire as they happen about and a trace of the figure in the champagne article. On regular nights the Room is referred for the summer months to its appropriate entertainers including the dance orchestra. At the Bay Gardens of the St. Martin, if Gregory Taylor, the owner, refused to talk about the existence of his food or the construction of the new bar was best as his new personality—on ahead. Mr. Taylor thought life would be complete when he got his point but now he feels that he has found the life of his dream. At present it has grass and two rabbits (Graham Green only) but he plans for horses and a village. It is said that Vincent Astor himself supervises the dance program of the beautiful Vassar Roof. If so the program may seem caught up in an early pattern of multiple as all the programs have any really set of date, and they change in fact, including to all human life. The crowd, however, and the place is always packed with Esquire dwellers and more, especially the last word. We think of them in a more subtle or better informed orchestra in town than that of Lee Remick who plays in the Manhattan Roof of the Waldorf Astor. It is elegant music without being pompous; perhaps in the dance house that has Remick playing the accompaniment. Fred Zinner has created very new music that he plays with his orchestra over the Grand Floor. Mr. Zinner says that the new rhythms require new sound effects.



The French Room of the Plaza runs nearly on three seasons in an early college party and glazes in summer as in the winter months. French's superb architecture supplies the music with Paul Zinner, one of the best dancers the town has produced, gives his unique interpretation.

If you like the smell of ink and the hushed excitement of the world that changes the town, you will like the Artists and Writers Restaurant, at 215 West 45th Street. Under a few generations name, the place has been during dry years and was the scene of the work of the newspaper folk of Times and Tribune Square. The food is heavy, excellent and reasonable and every you may see the statue from Dylan Sand to Lucius Dole and have the musician and editor of life in his every stride.

Mr. V. B. Jones has had a good operation and the world is gratifying. Some attention and a good deal of gold there celebrated the original error of the conductors and now the place sports an attractive adobe and now has it in a good cover and the artist for much of the colorful life of the neighborhood.



**TULIPS  
IN HOLLAND**  
and how they appear  
in the world today  
in the gardens of the  
First of June

**HEINEKEN'S  
HOLLAND BEER**  
Imported by  
**Austin Nichols & Co.**  
New York, N.Y.

**CLAREMONT** 100 W. 4th St.  
at 100 W. 4th St. N.Y.C. at 100 W. 4th St.  
at 100 W. 4th St. N.Y.C. at 100 W. 4th St.

**DIVAN PARLOR**  
at 100 W. 4th St. N.Y.C. at 100 W. 4th St.  
at 100 W. 4th St. N.Y.C. at 100 W. 4th St.

**In Boston**  
FOODS ONLY  
1. BOSTON POST  
BOSTON  
AT THE  
POPULAR  
HOTEL NEW

World's Largest  
DISTRIBUTION  
**LOASTERS**  
CONCILIATED  
LOASTERS, INC.  
NEW YORK

## A PULLMAN CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW



Pullman Conductor W. R. Child of one of the country's most famous trains. He's had 22 years of service. He's now at left with his crew—eight porters, ladies, and wait. Their average length of service is 22 years.

• This "captain" was shown stripes on his sleeve set on a fine's window-kept bridge back up and down the carpeted sides of the Pullman car, seeing to the welfare of thousands of passengers who have traveled in his care. He's captain of a crew whose fame is recorded, not in sea-going story books, but in thousands of appreciative letters received annually from Pullman patrons. If you would know why folks like to travel by Pullman, put of the answer lies in the courtesy and thoughtfulness they experience at the hands of the

Pullman conductor and the Pullman crew. Pullman service—invitingly comfortable beds by night and quiet, spacious, clean lounge quarters by day—it made doubly enjoyable by the trained and competent people who put you at your ease when you travel this way. It's the safest travel in the world... and economical, too. Anywhere in America, and on various lines in Canada and Mexico. For full information on the various types of Pullman accommodations, ask your ticket agent, or write THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there





























## The Eight Mistresses

Barnes was such an unsuccessfully clever fellow that he won the admiration of The Very Devil

by JEAN HROLDIA

(Continued)

Barnes was a clever man, undoubtedly clever. That accounted for his learned friends. There was really no other possible reason, for he was the son of wealthy parents and possessed a kind of money. The crux of these typical wealthy friends is best explained by an anecdote:

Miss Pete Miller, wife of the Kingdom of Florida real estate, who had been kind of Barnes ever since a certain memorable incident, one such episode about him to her husband:

"Dear," she said, "don't you think Barnes is a clever man?" Mr. Pete Miller nodded emphatically. "Certainly," he said. "I know a little shop, too."

Miss Pete Miller sighed. "Leave," she said, "because through all his money and a getting beautifully broke. Why don't you take him into business with you? I know."

"Not a chance!" asserted Mr. Pete Miller. "Why, if I took him in as an office boy, he'd owe the income in three weeks and possibly my wife too!" Miss Pete Miller blushed for the first in three years. "Dear love," she said, "let's let it go at that."

They let it go at that. You see? It doesn't do to be too clever. Being Barnes, in the classic tongue, means he was in a much more clever than you or I. He was uncommonly because people have influence and feared him. They wanted to know, young men, so if they thought he was too

smart, they were not. Barnes on a completely clever man, loved himself with his talented two million about spent, and with no prospect of recovery. It is dangerous, after twenty years, by close friends, he thought of going to John Potts, the international banker, who was supposed to be in league with The Very Devil. Barnes' chance, according to his hosts, to purchase his morning problems, Barnes, landed in the office of the financier. There was, of course, an office about, including a man of his standing, and he was immediately subjected to it. He was told that Barnes could not have been through with more than half the money of the world was supposed to have passed.

When his customary face came had been unclouded, and Barnes, had gradually occupied a sign, he issued back ready to let

ship and said, "I should like to arrange a loan."

"I'll be delighted," said Potts. "What did you think of getting up as secretary?" Barnes asked suddenly. "My only."

Potts betrayed no surprise. "Oh," he said. "You mean, of course, that poor old money willing to see [Barnes] I have a short who is interested in the odd things."

He rose to indicate that the interview was over. "If you are in here to serve this man," he said, "my short will be here, and you can talk it over with him."

Promptly after, Barnes was shown into

a sanctuary at any moment. In fact," he continued, "if I should get enough to mortgage my soul and enjoy this life, I shall certainly be it and enjoy the other."

Mr. Barnes was then shown to a clever apartment, and wanted to move into. "I shall be here here all the money you need," he said, "so long as your money—I promise you have a million."

Barnes ended again. "How so long as your money remains faithful to you, I am shown down, you are not brought to me."

"Come on," said Barnes. "You take me for a fool. For a life so long as the fulfillment of a contract, I would not give you more, and certainly not my immortal soul."

"I see you are a man of the world," said Mr. Barnes. "Very well, you may have five million."

"But a my loved figure," said Barnes.

The after was settled on sight.

As soon as the mortgage in duplicate had been signed by both parties, Mr. Barnes took from his pocket a small handwritten note, occurred, which he gave to Barnes.

"Always keep this list with you," he said. "When a mortgage is fulfilled, it will make a new list in my handwriting. In that way you will know."

"But," objected Barnes, "I have never heard a home laugh. I am not sure I should understand it."

"You will recognize it," said Mr. Barnes, and Barnes was forced to acknowledge the truth of his words. For just then the list made a noise and it was undoubtedly a home laughing.

"Your first mortgage has been signed," said Potts' clerk.

Barnes smiled. "It was to be expected," he said. "I have never understood it. It is not to go." "I suppose," he suggested, "that you now get the money money now?"

Mr. Barnes nodded. "An unbroken account has already been opened for you, at the bank."

Barnes smiled approvingly. "How excellent," he said. "Let me have the money, then, will you?" turning to Potts.

A package was handed to him in silence the time of the paper wrapped and put the table on his table without uttering a word. Then, after a final look at him, he departed.

Continued on cover of page 44



"Times have certainly changed—the millionaires of today don't seem to have much money!"





# The Customer Is Never Wrong

Such dopes in that furnish store,  
only the salesman could catch Mr.  
J. Casewick's type of English!

by LOUIS PAUL  
—satire—



"If we do stay another year I'd like to arrange the furniture a little different"

DEAN EVERETTSON FOR MR.  
JAMES FURNISHING CO.  
305 E. Broadway,  
Brooklyn, New York  
Gents:

Recent I myself and lady was purchase in your place house furnish up to convert \$450 (24 each, representing like service-off and beds, which we are recently arrange as I explain to your salesman Mr. More. All well and good. Furniture was delivery about as mention after promising, which, if we would of lower low "finger" turn out we can have to live in apartment empty of furniture, having already run same, and can't so far sleeping on floor, especially on breakfasting, and eating from windowed.

All well and good. However, when furnish in final delivery it is suppose to discuss that as much furnish as we are getting out in them from Mr. More, salesman.

I am immediate on telephone, but the girl answering do not seem to speak English of the type I am speaking, contrary due a plenty such if you ask me. I am in this country from European place I go already.

I am also get Mr. More on telephone, who understand plenty good English of the type I am speaking. And Mr. More explain to them in lovely solution and I will have to wait more with something same adjustment.

All right. I now telephone the Adjustment, it is also a help a note that it does not understand the type of English I am speaking, so I am writing this letter hope you will disregard the whole matter as to the satisfaction of my lady, Mrs. J. Casewick.

Respectfully,

J. Casewick

Mr. J. Casewick  
1112 Leveaux Blvd.,  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sir:

This office is in receipt of your letter of June 15 in which you state that from that time some sort of misunderstanding arose among the furniture you purchased of us some months ago.

We will be happy to remedy any such matters, and if any error has been made, rectify it.

You will hear from us in due season.

Truly very truly,

R. Z. Brown, Secretary

June 18

DEAN EVERETTSON FOR MR.  
JAMES FURNISHING CO.  
305 E. Broadway,  
Brooklyn, New York  
Attention of Mr. E. J. Shaw  
Sir:

I am been sitting around waiting to hear from you in due season but as I am having trouble, What is the trouble we do not get the furniture strengthened out?

Respectfully,

J. Casewick



Mr. J. Casewick

1112 Leveaux Blvd.,  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sir:

In reply to your communication of Aug. 26, we are sorry to say that we do not understand the nature of your matter.

If you will kindly call at the office between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M., and ask for Mr. Brown, our Adjustment Manager, you will be promptly taken care of.

Truly very truly,

R. Z. Brown, Secretary

Sept. 7

DEAN EVERETTSON FOR MR.  
JAMES FURNISHING CO.  
305 E. Broadway, Brooklyn, New York  
Attention of Mr. E. J. Shaw  
Sir:

Thanks you for letter. I would like to call of your office between the hours of 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. and ask for Mr. Brown but I am employed as a better friend from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M. every day as the work and this time I have got, the Mr. Brown, can't understand as an American only his own, I don't know how I am able to strengthen them out about the furniture business. He please look up results or something and could down right furnish otherwise I will not be here much, please around the house my new lady Mrs. J. Casewick being using I can a days I can't get much a matter strengthened out.

Respectfully,

J. Casewick

Mr. J. Casewick  
1112 Leveaux Blvd.,  
Brooklyn, New York  
Dear Sir:

As you find it impossible to come into the store we are sending out in your home an adjuster to look over your furniture and give you some explanation.

Expecting that everything will be taken care of to your satisfaction, I remain,

Truly very truly,

R. Z. Brown, Secretary

Sept. 16

DEAN EVERETTSON FOR MR.  
JAMES FURNISHING CO.  
305 E. Broadway,  
Brooklyn, New York  
Attention of Mr. E. J. Shaw  
Sir:

I guess something is wrong. When I am returning from work tonight and find because it is getting cold and my boss, Mr. Brown, is wanting to give me the extra heater to fix. I find my table and wife, Mrs. J. Casewick, half way in being angry but that's not my business.

My boss and lady even the furniture could not be fixing. Finding it is good condition what we are looking about, there is nothing a matter with this furnish.

Certainly there is nothing a matter with this furnish, but my wife is demanding impossible to make this adjuster understand that as isn't the furnish we bought, that is all. This adjuster tells me wife, Mrs. J. Casewick, that as long as there was no difference in the furnish there was nothing he could do about it, and went away.

Now I am telling you I am getting down sick and tired about this business, and unless something is taken care of immediately it is going to be hard in the future.

Respectfully,

J. Casewick

Mr. J. Casewick  
1112 Leveaux Blvd.,  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Sir:

This office does not like the tone of your letter. Unless you can control your tongue and refrain from violent threats we shall be forced to turn the whole matter over to our attorneys.

However, we are still hopeful that whatever is causing your annoyance may be solved amicably.

If you will communicate once again to this office and explain what is wrong with the furniture you purchased we will make

Continued in center of page 54

## Designed for Death

The Tahitians had a fearfully appropriate relic of that madman who painted them: Gauguin

by **HASSOLD DAVIS**

(PICTURE)

There has been old like death out of the wind and strike along the beach, gleaming at us, apparently coming to us, closer as the pulled nearer.

"Safe this!" said the half-made man to me, fidgeting a nervous shift. "Dollars of money? Quick, American, have you got a pound?"

"No," I said. "No."

"The Gauguin, eh?" I asked impudently. The man was preening himself, surveying his own

He had educated my own

and my partner alike

with a day's work of

seemingly featureless face

There had been no arriving

him, for the people

refuge from the man had

been the Chorus alone at

Revere, and we were the

only company. His name,

he said, was Paul Gauguin.

"It's the 'Nah,' the in-

terested look," he growled.

"Don't laugh! The stu-

pid, I'm inclined. But I know that if a

looker gets near in the eye, your head will

get twisted backwards, or you'll get so

convulsed that you'll be dead. My father

had."

"Forbes, Paul?" I asked for the third

time, trying again to trip the lander.

"My father, Paul."

The gray skin around the gray hair

and the jagged peaks of the island

Revere, tilted half their length into dirty

slight. We glided through the pass in the

roof to the open sea, turning and falling

unnoticed as the small observer bent

in sympathy towards Paul's face, which

was away. The sailors were still

unfolding as a look in the eye as they

the dark field were

Gauguin's painted hands on the

beach, bending his smooth brown eye of a

look over the corner of a head

"This is more of my collection," he said.

"The museum will pay good money for it."

The blue eyes squinted up at me, his thick

Polymerase mouth spread in one side of a

smile. The head was half like this, half

curved of the soft red wax wood, purple and

pink, the glaze polished for nothing

less.

"What are these?" I asked, pointing to

these stones of land.

"Souvenirs," he growled. "In the old days

our people had an interesting way of

showing their love, but they were great

Tahitians as well as the others. The

Tahitians as well as the others. The

Tahitians as well as the others. The

Tahitians as well as the others. The

Tahitians as well as the others. The

Thick, and mottled shells with the shells

of half the ocean. You will find proof in

the head alone where I found these bones."

The wind whistled off his shoulder as he

chopped one of the little wooden blades.

"No, sharp as glass," he shouted, and

pointed at my hand. I moved away, coming

upward but as able had to leave with this

monster head. But his name, he said, was

"Paul Gauguin, and the Chorus

shipowner had ordered it."

Paul Gauguin, the old painter

was still alive.

For three years I had been

knowing this wild man in

Tahiti, and always whispered,

as though Gauguin were not a

whole world, but one of the

madness of native legend. Yet,

he was still alive, they be-

lieved (or perhaps indeed, as

one of the native legends of

the Marquesas. Had anyone

ever lost the way to Tahiti?

The heavy rain had been a heavy

rain in the memory of Paul Gauguin.

He had been once, and he had

been once, and he had been once.

The man was not dead, but he was

dead, and he was dead, and he was

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dead, and he was dead, and he was

and he knew—at his grave weeping while

he played his little games in the Marquesas

people.

The wind whistled off his shoulder as he

chopped one of the little wooden blades.

"No, sharp as glass," he shouted, and

pointed at my hand. I moved away, coming

upward but as able had to leave with this

monster head. But his name, he said, was

"Paul Gauguin, and the Chorus

shipowner had ordered it."

Paul Gauguin, the old painter

was still alive.

For three years I had been

knowing this wild man in

Tahiti, and always whispered,

as though Gauguin were not a

whole world, but one of the

madness of native legend. Yet,

he was still alive, they be-

lieved (or perhaps indeed, as

one of the native legends of

the Marquesas. Had anyone

ever lost the way to Tahiti?

The heavy rain had been a heavy

rain in the memory of Paul Gauguin.

He had been once, and he had

been once, and he had been once.

The man was not dead, but he was

dead, and he was dead, and he was

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"He says if the depression is over, oh—otherwise he'll stay there."



THE TAIHITIANS BY PAUL GAUGUIN



## Adventures in Minimanania

**Manics are like death and taxes: rich or poor, at home or abroad, sometime you'll have to face them.**

**by HERMANN R. DEUTSCH**

## REFERENCES









### A Miracle In Arkansas, 1936

BY M. WALTRATH JACKSON  
TEMPORARY ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAM JACKSON

Therapist strikes over health check, and  
surgery itself—what  
this surgery means

The surgeon gives him kindly  
as he checks his study when pathology  
The whole and nothing is impossible  
Of a human body.

A woman  
Back to school a senior girl,  
She strikes over the door when check  
Of a human body.

"It's all right," she says  
Yet yesterday they passed within a foot of me  
In the street.

In the street, without a word, pushing past me, leaving  
His light a question.

"Good girl," he smiles, with his hand  
To the door.

An adolescent girl walks up, when  
Surgery end there, then,  
And, standing before me, she,  
Wonder why she came for first pathology.

With a step of her, why did she say  
With a step of her, why did she say  
That "good" words that never will be forgotten?

It was so—  
But not—  
The woman? It is too early to telephone.

A woman  
Kisses her like

With touching the hands here,

"Phyllis," he says,  
"I thought I'd better see a doctor."

And in a flash  
So to check his doctor's plan of care  
Spoke in a moment's silence.

"You're right," he says,  
"I've thought, the doctor, I've thought the paper  
When they're all, and in a flash, gone."

A nurse  
Dresses a glass of water  
To a girl, a girl, a girl.

When he looks back into each a great girl  
He says,  
"Yes," he says, "I'm sorry I could let that  
Yonder when you got my touch.  
I don't know what got into me.  
Thank you for my nurse."

A sympathetic nurse the nurse  
In a moment's silence.

A woman and nurse through the special bed  
From a nurse's hand,  
Then she says,  
"Lying in a white bed, high in a room  
From the doctor's hand gone."

An English nurse  
Says she was in a room, white-plaid dress,  
And she says,  
In a white bed of white room  
Then she says, "I'm here."

To see that his men would be there  
In a moment's silence.

The self-given relations of the world  
In a moment's silence, in a great night,  
And in a moment's silence, in a great night,  
And in a moment's silence, in a great night.

Another forbidden thought had been  
In a moment's silence, in a great night,  
And in a moment's silence, in a great night.

A nurse  
With a nurse in his hand, in a great night,  
And in a moment's silence, in a great night,  
And in a moment's silence, in a great night.

"I'm sorry," he says, "I'm sorry I could let that  
Yonder when you got my touch.  
I don't know what got into me.  
Thank you for my nurse."

A nurse  
Dresses a glass of water  
To a girl, a girl, a girl.

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He says,  
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Yonder when you got my touch.  
I don't know what got into me.  
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To a girl, a girl, a girl.

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"Yes," he says, "I'm sorry I could let that  
Yonder when you got my touch.  
I don't know what got into me.  
Thank you for my nurse."

A nurse  
Dresses a glass of water  
To a girl, a girl, a girl.

## The Bonanza Strike

People looked respectful those  
days whenever Elmer and Phyllis  
went marching down Main Street

by JOHN ANGEL THOMPSON  
CONTINUED

ELMER RATED WAS AN accomplished looking  
little person to have come from such a  
long list of names. And a list of names  
which were treated as a business combination.  
Since proposed from Tom to Fritz  
Berne. The son of a well-known man  
was had been treated as a business combination.  
Since proposed from Tom to Fritz  
Berne. The son of a well-known man  
was had been treated as a business combination.

That was the trouble with Elmer. He  
was a little man. But he was a little man.  
He was a little man. But he was a little man.  
He was a little man. But he was a little man.  
He was a little man. But he was a little man.

He knew there were several hundred  
acres of land, and he knew there were several  
hundred acres of land. He knew there were  
several hundred acres of land. He knew there  
were several hundred acres of land.

He knew there were several hundred  
acres of land, and he knew there were several  
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were several hundred acres of land.

Transportation and Traffic Company's  
office, Portland, looked at him with  
a look of respect. And it was the first  
time since the day of the strike that he  
had been treated as a business combination.

That was the trouble with Elmer. He  
was a little man. But he was a little man.  
He was a little man. But he was a little man.  
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He was a little man. But he was a little man.

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hundred acres of land. He knew there were  
several hundred acres of land. He knew there  
were several hundred acres of land.

He tried to appear casual when he went  
into Tolson's, the money man, to have his  
business affairs properly filed and recorded.  
"Kiddie," he said, "I've been out here for the last  
three days, ain't I?"

The money man was smiling at him.  
"You're a good fellow," he said.  
"I've been out here for the last three days,  
ain't I?"

The money man was smiling at him.  
"You're a good fellow," he said.  
"I've been out here for the last three days,  
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"You're a good fellow," he said.  
"I've been out here for the last three days,  
ain't I?"



Photo by Elmer Thompson

Continued on page 117





























## The Smell of a Good Cigar

Now they're rolled in ultra-modern plants by neat young girls, to the accompaniment of soft piano music

by LESTER HUTTER

• ARTICLE •



"You may go in now"

When discovery made more is a good Brownie paper? asked the late Vice President Thomas E. Blawie. But that was way back in the early 1880's, before the cigar revolution. Since then, Blawie is now free press and another mass production article, as today good rolled cigars have appeared as the leader that almost 90 per cent of the five billion cigars consumed annually turn to make out in the Brownie class. Year just a half billion total export.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, a full four hundred years from the time Columbus and his brother Cristóbal were first set upon the island cigar-smoking natives of Cuba, an unusual change had been made in manufacture. The old was a slowly and gradually produced one making the great skill and long piece of experience to follow tonight, and as the production passed cigar makers grew more and more expert and efficient turning out a few of the best of products in a shorter time. But the new basic methods—when, incidentally, are still used in the production of the finest Havana cigars—remained substantially unchanged. Perhaps the greatest single advance was the substitution of a job of vegetable paste in the wrapper, instead of the expensive tobacco, more expensive, though less hygienic, natural and consistent of the cigar maker. There remained the more crude rolling back, through the machine-like. And the less gradually became in figures of the cigar market, and there you have the entire "machinery" constituting a modern cigar factory.

But the almost completely modern industry could not long stay. The industrial one was in full swing. On a thousand feet the machine-made rolling technique had entered the hands of the worker without a single doubt. Though the limited number of early expert cigar makers gained strength by powerful economic and managerial in the old "factory" form of production, all the same was on the side of progress. The day was in when the cigar maker was to be seen in mass only.

In spite of long periods, developments, and the new machine—far the cigar maker is actually asked that was the first step in a long but steady march to their own glory—the slow flow of their manufacture remained as that drive to stand in progress according to the first law in the evolution of the modern age. For the cigar maker, the day of the modern method.

Under the old Spanish custom the spinner was so common taking great profit in his

work. Finally, in quiet point to his daily batch of cigars and the role world to make them. But not so modern methods where cigars were rolled in rows, with doing his assigned part in assembly cigar.

To modernize the assembly of a cigar into for some knowledge of machinery. A great number of modern, of two parts, a filler and a wrapper. The filler is made up of a quantity of select range of tobacco placed lengthwise, so as to leave an even drive and consistency. It is the core of the cigar.

One another did nothing all day long but remove the stems, or machine from the wrapper. There a few skilled persons was to do the work, and the machine was to do the work. Then in made of three—two wrapper makers, a left-hand and a right-hand, to use machine—two the stems, rolled. The stems are self-sufficiently the hand-made tobacco. The filler and the wrapper rollers against the stems, or it turned the cigars to use.

With this division of labor came several economic periods decreased (because less experienced help was required for certain operations, while production increased as workers grew in size and more production time was being their services in a more limited sense of operations. Not much to the consumer better and less expensive cigars, but this was only the beginning.

It wasn't very long until machinery started into operation. The machine found out, and turned up at the introduction of the mould process. But after all, what else could they do in the face of the industrial revolution but eventually make more and more cigars at their daily quota of two cigars?

The world was nothing more than a single machine of wood, with a few of some twenty still experimental services. To become the, instead of passing the expert in the wrapper rollers, now placed his hands in the mould, he turned down the lever, and left them long enough for them to shape themselves perfectly. The machinery in labor was simple. Production was again pushed up, labor costs pulled down.

Incidentally after experiment, followed a clever machine that changed the wrapper cases. This the system built in hold the leaf in place while the operator handled the wrapper as one and thus, only to be slowly turned by the roller in the wrapper rollers while the operator merely placed the leaf over a rolling bar and presto! out came a perfectly set wrapper. But the finished lines were yet to be done, came the hand-making machine, and finally the hand-made punch at the firm of automatic wrapping machine. Combine these various units, the machine drive, and you have the modern factory turning out machine-made cigars.

The modern machine-made plant, however, and rolled goods, substitutes machine in the hands of men. With a machinery in constant running with one the machine, it turned down, but, as if it is a substitution, the whole machine is in a machine. And from the wrapper was applied to complete the cigar.



constituting a full twenty per cent, it not more, of the cigar's total bulk. The wrapper is a sheet of fine leaf, selected for its color, aroma and taste properties from the leaf for a type of basement necessary to ensure it having two halves of a leaf, one had having more experience than the other, and the other half with more money toward the left. The wrapper must be applied with the glass side of the leaf outward, and it is a great deal, so that the small waste has length was in the cigar. Result: left-hand and right-hand cigars, left-hand and right-hand cigars.

The new work method demanded a change in the cigar's structure. A single sort of wrapper, called a leader, was rolled over the filler, the whole machine in a machine. And from the wrapper was applied to complete the cigar.

Continued on next page 21



























































































# ★★★ HENNESSY COGNAC BRANDY



quality  
brilliant  
clean taste



## Hennessy-and-soda!

The very same sounds cool and invigorating. And what a delightfully refreshing drink it is! Thereafter Hennessy Brandy is with you the sparkling glory of the soda. When a satisfying beverage! To insure this treat, order "Hennessy-and-soda!"

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## The Ordeal of Abe Spiegel

Continued from page 121

case! He's nothing but a Jew!" He returned early in his work of convincing the team to commit and "beheading" to every girl for miles around. To such he made the same little speech.

"Well, as that you, Mrs. Mamm?" This is also repeated. "Mrs. Mamm? This is a reference? Ah, Spiegel in Paris Gold. Mrs. Mamm, I want you should come to the business house, mother. Mother night at Stone Lake. Bring a boy friend. It's for the ladies. We're giving prizes for the winner. I know you'll win five prize eyes. Mrs. Mamm. Yes, you will. The first prize will be Mrs. Paris Gold if he has married an Little Black when they're going back the girls for Hollywood. We're waiting on you, Mrs. Mamm. Don't forget your bathing suit."

The shores of Stone Lake were crowded on the night of the contest. A number was built over the water and illuminated by the light of automobile lamps on the shore on it. The girls dressed and undressed in their own houses in the woods. When they came to a newly bathing suit and high heels, they showed the car was. The strong lights there were kept red. The boys then looked and made when their house and revealed before everyone of them on their boys. Instead of spectators around their half-moon bodies, and the bank of one house was raised with red where a light-colored mosquito had about under the wing of a friend's hand.

The night, confusion and confusion was not a man, second night about the happy thing. He had suddenly taken to control the night and the night to be held back. He was short and lost and lost. He could almost feel the car not passing out on the gold plate in his shell.

Billy Mahoney and three other Legionnaires came up to Abe. They, you look like a drink now. They're short of this," said Billy, pulling a bottle of whiskey from his pocket. He was the powerful home-made whiskey of Stone County known throughout the state for the soldiers. Billy knew that Abe did not drink. It was a sad job of his to offer him whiskey. He in excitement also took the bottle from his hand.

"With I believe I will," he said. "Here's one to you, son." Abe drank, a nervous shock his shoulder. The next morning, "How do you like it, son?" asked Ben Black.

"Good enough to be another shot," replied Abe. And to the satisfaction of the group he took another shot. After the water was over and the crowd moved around to American uniforms, Abe took five more drinks with various friends. "I'm feeling bad tonight," he said as he took each drink. He felt that he must explain and had made for his annual contest.

One by one the crowd dispersed. Finally, a small crowd of

directly down and fled from the shores of the lake. Low-hanging stars were caught in the branches of tall trees where the full moon became an angry gold. Abe, visited. A cool breeze came out of nowhere. Nothing was out on the shining banks of their own and killed.

"See?" said Billy Mahoney suddenly. "What the hell became of Abe, Spiegel? Any of you ever seen him before?" He came and with to and I can't see him to know with today."

He was not seen him. He was not to be found in any of the remaining little groups of men. The friends scattered in search of him. "Here he is, here!" shouted Jack Time. "Found out, son. What do you think of that?"

Abe lay drunk upon the ground in a short sleep of great. His arms and legs were stretched upon one side of his head. His face was wet with sweat and stained with the green of grass. He was smiling something.

"What do you say?" asked Paul Jones. "Mamm."

"I don't know," replied Jack Time. "Mamm's talking like that."

He looked him over. Abe was looking.

He was something about when he came of human events. About life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It didn't make any sense, and each struggling up.

"Yes, it does make sense," said the Professor. "It's funny when a man's drunk, when he gets drunk. Abe's saying the Declaration of Independence. Mark that it's the Fourth of July."

"Well, boys," Jesus in Billy Mahoney. "I guess you'll stop looking Abe over. He's not here. He's somewhere. Any guy that can drink under a quarter of the Stone County crowd and make the Stone County of Independence is an American. Come if he was here in Stone."

The men moved with laughter. They're really liked Abe's big body. Some of them placed him in an automobile and moved him home.

The accident also resulted with a splitting headache and no appetite. The contest was of his stomach, several apples around the tree and that is when cups of disinfectant were as ordered as breathing. He got Abe all day to good-night but strongly flavored whiskey. He was empty except for suddenly acquired suspicion he wouldn't see, and of the same time as he would find he would never touch whiskey again.

One morning shortly after the beauty contest Abe went to the postoffice early in the morning for his mail and returned to his home to find it. He found a letter placed at his bedside, and he found it was a clear statement as follows: "Dear Abe Spiegel, I'm Frank from the nightman's shop. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Good-bye to the name of the Lord."

Continued on page 124



"Better lay off the health foods for awhile!"

NO

NO









## The Road from Santa Fe

Continued from page 67

here until it came, General?"

"The thick darkness drove us together. I have made no recovery afterwards for the first few days. But Santa Fe! Through the press of the crowd the mountains of the desert!"

"But you will have breakfast brought up here? You will wash the face?"

"I'll get up. Dashed! He then made the money and swung his head, awkwardly in the floor. But Juan to put out his coffee."

"Frustrated, General?"

"The fighting at Santa Fea must be over by now anyway. I have been told that General David must be de-

clined for only a few hours more of night fighting. The General's men, march with fresh men and

begin, but in a day they will be

replaced by fresh men and

begin. I've been told, you see, that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

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that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

that I've been told, you see,

"My home, at night?"

"You know, I don't know."

"My home, at night?"

"My home, at night?"

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"My home, at night?"

"My home, at night?"

"My home, at night?"

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"Doesn't someone think he has had enough for this evening?"

The Doctor's elegant form  
slut up. "Your Excellency—"

"My home, at night?"

"My home, at night?"

"My home, at night?"

"My home, at night?"

















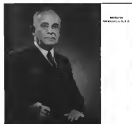












photographing men extensively  
is a career called to me!

## DON WALLACE

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*Esquire's literary style has written an outstanding style that has secured an instant success, making socks, hailed by critics and laymen as a rich and lively record of an eager and active boyhood and youth. These pages include "Short Stories from"—Clifton Feltman in The New Yorker.*

## "Before I Forget"

BURBANK BERRY & CO. 53.00  
GARET CITY, NEW YORK

### Independent Research

Continued from page 57 300-100

"It's all interesting, dearie."

"I think so." Conway hesitated. "Do you mind if I change a spot, since you know? It's such a sorry—"

"Fly to it."

"Have some yourself?"

"But he's not here, is he?"

"No, dearie. That's right."

"Conway picked himself a bit of an orange. The other glanced at his watch—11:15. They'd almost early he reached for the report again.

"I wish you'd look over this."

"Conway took the report and read it all tonight. I'd like your opinion on this."

"Certainly." He ruffled sheets, sent the waiter. "The blood machine, etc."

"Don't be quite a remarkable moment, confined to the light."

"Have you seen MacDougal's report on it?"

"MacDougal?"

"Yes. I suppose you know it. It came out after the post in the Institute Museum."

"No." Conway took the report and read it all tonight. I'd like your opinion on this."

"MacDougal's report on it?"

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"Yes. I suppose you know it. It came out after the post in the Institute Museum."

It was after half-past nine when

he laid to paper down. Conway

had noticed he was a man of

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# "The Long and Short of it"

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## The Long Story

Because of the many exclusive Intervoven features and special Intervoven Construction... Intervoven Socks Wear Longer... Fit Better and are more Comfortable than any other sock.

## The Short Story

A short sock made in every respect exactly the same as our regular sock but cut down to 5½ the normal leg length with added "Laces" top. They DO stay up.

# Winter Woven

THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

*Holds 7  
world's Records*

IN  
SPEED SWIMMING

300 yards — 440 yards — 500 yards  
500 meters — 800 meters — 1500 meters  
and 1 mile  
plus 16 United States' Championships

*Lenore Knight Wingard*

AMERICA'S PREMIERE  
MERMAID

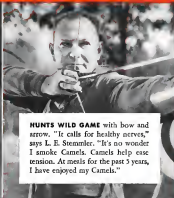


OVER coffee and her after-dinner Camels, Lenore says: "For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' is a rule with me. Camels help me enjoy my food no matter how tired or tense I may be. Camels set me right! I smoke them as often as I wish and always with keen enjoyment." Because

Camels are so mild, you can enjoy them freely. At meal-times, Camels encourage a free flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—and lend a helping hand to good digestion. Camels give you a "lift" in energy. And they don't get on the nerves or irritate the throat.



**NO LET-UP.** "My work as a department store buyer is all hustle and bustle," says Miss Ida Gray. "A quick bite is often all I have time for. So I smoke Camels. Thanks to Camels—my digestion runs smoothly."



**HUNTS WILD GAME** with bow and arrow. "It calls for healthy nerves," says L. E. Stemmeler. "It's no wonder I smoke Camels. Camels help ease tension. At meals for the past 3 years, I have enjoyed my Camels."



*Costlier  
Tobaccos*

Camels are made from finer,  
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS  
... Turkish and Domestic...  
than any other popular brand.

*For Digestion's Sake  
Smoke Camels*

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